AN ACCOUNT OF LLANGUNNER IN CARMARTHENSHIRE, the Reſidence of Sir RICHARD STEELE; *With Anecdotes of that celebrated Character.*

[From Mrs. Morgan's "Tour to Milford Haven, in the Year 1791."]

WHEN we were at Carmarthen, we viſited the place that had been the reſidence of Sir Richard Steele. It ſtands near a village called Llangunner, about a mile and a half from Carmarthen. The walk to it is extremely pleaſant. All the way you go you have a view of ſeveral very high hills, covered with verdure; and in the vale beneath the river Towy runs meandring at your feet. The houſe is ſituated in a retired valley, and has no views from it; but the ſcene from the garden and fields above it are very romantic. It is occupied by a farmer, who let us ſee all the rooms except one we wiſhed moſt to examine, which was that where Sir Richard uſually ſlept; but the man's wife was ill in it, and could not be diſturbed. However, we could judge by its outward appearance that it was of a piece with the reſt of the houſe, which was very low and ſmall, and never could have been a commodious or fit habitation for a man of his refined taſte. Yet they aſſured us that the whole of it is now ſtanding. This makes it probable that it was only his dernier reſort, at times when his affairs rendered a retreat from the world abſolutely neceſſary. In the latter part of his life indeed he took up his abode there entirely, for there he ended it, and was buried at Carmarthen. Here are ſome old people now living, who remember him when they were children. They deſcribe him him to have been like many men of wit and genius, quite childiſh in his old age, ſo much ſo that he uſed to play with the boys of the place. He was generally carried about in a ſedan chair, and uſed to deſire to be ſet down in the ſtreets to prate with the children and ſhare with them halfpence and cakes.

In the houſe I have before-mentioned he is ſaid to have written his Conſcious Lovers, and perhaps his Chriſtian Hero *; for the ſituation is perfectly calculated to call forth religious and moral ideas; and, at that time of day, it was far removed from the great and the gay, which left him at leiſure to reflect upon what men ought to be, rather than what they are. When I compare the delicacy and refinement ſo conſpicuous in The Conſcious Lovers, and the nice ſenſe of religion and morals diſplayed in his Chriſtan Hero, with his general conduct through life, I am almoſt perſuaded to believe the old opinion, that men have two ſouls.

There are ſome diſtant relations of his wife who now live at Carmarthen. Of them I procured a ſight of a three-quarter picture of him, not badly painted. In the ſame piece is a little girl of about ſix years old, which muſt have been done for Lady Trevor, when a child. The picture had, or I fancied it, a remarkable elegance in the countenance, and a vivacity and penetration in the eye, which ſeemed perfectly characteriſtic of this great man's genius and diſpoſition. The child bore that very ſtriking reſemblance to her father, which ſhe afterwards ſhewed in her future conduct. I was ſo much ſtruck and pleaſed with this picture, that were I an artiſt, I would certainly take a copy of it, and preſent it you.

* I did not recollect, till after I had tranſcribed this letter for the preſs, that Sir Richard Steele wrote his Chriſtian Hero when he was on duty in the Tower; and it was that ſtation which ſuggeſted to him the beautiful compariſon between the ſituation of a ſoldier on guard and the ſtate of a Chriſtian.

belonging to the
the evening of the
deceaſed went to the
, in Maid-lane, to ap-
bar, againſt whom they
ions of his having been con-
onies; that they found a man
om they took into cuſtody, the
ng there at that time; that in about
afterwards the priſoner came into the
with another perſon, and, on their at-
g to ſeize him, he drew two piſtols out of
ocket, and diſcharged one from each hand;
from the right hand hit Price the deceaſed, and
that from the left ſlightly wounded the witneſs on
the top of his head.

Robert Merry, a conſtable, ſaid, he was in the next room when the piſtols were fired, and met the deceaſed in the paſſage, who told him he was ſhot; that he took him to a houſe in the neighbourhood, but that he died in about ten minutes afterwards, before any medical aſſiſtance could be got.

Baron Perryn, in his charge to the Jury, ſaid, that the only circumſtance for their conſideration was, who had actually fired the piſtol by which the deceaſed was killed; at the ſame time reminding them, that the witneſs Windſor had poſitively ſworn the priſoner at the bar did ſo.

The Jury, after two minutes conſideration, pronounced the priſoner—Guilty.

Mr. Knowles, on the part of the priſoner, moved an arreſt of judgment, on the ground of the record being wrong.

The objection was over-ruled.

The priſoner was then tried upon a ſecond indictment, for ſhooting at Barnard Windſor with a piſtol loaded with ball, ſtated to have happened at the ſame time and place, and on which alſo the priſoner was found Guilty; when Baron Perryn immediately paſſed ſentence of Death on him.

BEFORE THE CHIEF BARON.

John Little was indicted for the wilful murder of James M'Evoy and Sarah King, in the pariſh of Richmond.

Mr. Fielding opened the caſe in an exceedingly pathetic addreſs to the Jury.

George Jones lives in Kewfoot-lane, and is perfectly acquainted with the priſoner, who was a porter at the Obſervatory in Kew Gardens; was on the 23d of June at a relation's houſe near the deceaſed, and was alarmed about ten o'clock in the evening with a loud ſcream, which he conceived to come from M'Evoy's houſe; he accordingly rung the bell, but could not get admiſſion; went to a Mr. Martin, who accompanied the witneſs to the houſe, and again rung the bell, when a very faint voice cried, Who's there? that they opened the parlour window, and ſaw the woman, Mrs. King, lying upon her face on the floor, dead.

Mr. Smith, ſurgeon, examined Mr. M'Evoy, found ſeveral wounds on his head, and one upon his left temple, which had occaſioned his death.

The priſoner in his defence ſaid, he aſked M'Evoy to lend him five guineas; that Mrs. King called M'Evoy a villain, and in a paſſion ſaid, You ſhall not have a farthing, and then made a blow at M'Evoy, which he prevented; and Mr. M. ſaid, Little, you ſhall be ſerved, go down ſtairs, I'll come to you, which he did; that he heard a noiſe, and went up to the door.—M'Evoy called out, Who is there?—Mrs. King ſaid nothing was the matter; ſhe would come down to him, which ſhe did in a great rage, and ſaid ſhe would be his butcher, and attacked him three times, each of which he threw her down, and the laſt time ſhe fell againſt the fender, and that fall killed her.

He then went up ſtairs, and found M'Evoy on

THE HEAD

OR

THE ROCK,

A WELSH LANDSKIP.

287.6.16
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THE HEAD OF THE ROCK,

A WELSH LANDSKIP.

BEING A PROSPECT NEAR

ABERGWILLY PALACE,

THE RESIDENCE OF

THE BISHOP OF ST. DAVIDS,

IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF

CARMARTHEN.

BY WILLIAM WILLIAMS, K
OF PEMBROKESHIRE,
LATE OF
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:
Printed for N. CONANT, in FLEET-STREET.
MDCCLXXV.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE

RIGHT REVEREND

RICHARD WATSON,

LATE LORD BISHOP OF LLANDAFF,

AND

PROFESSOR OF DIVINITY,

IN THE

UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY

HIS SON,

RICHARD WATSON,

OF LINCOLN'S INN, BARRISTER AT LAW.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. COMBE, IN KING-STREET,

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AND

J. AND J. RIVINGTON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

AND WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1817.

PREFACE.

THIS Poem was first designed near the End of the Year 1758, during a Residence at the University of *Cambridge*, and intended as a Present and Token of Gratitude to a kind Father; on which Account this particular Subject was made Choice of: For, being a Description of a Country from a Spot immediately descending to Him from *Robert Ferrar*, who was burnt at *Carmarthen* in Q. *Mary*'s Reign,

it would more particularly relate to Him, by commemorating his Anceſtor; but my Loſs occaſioned by his Death, while it was rude and imperfect, fruſtrated this View—It was afterwards reſumed with an Eye towards a Dedication to the Corps of the *Pembrokeſhire* Militia, to inculcate Amity and Unanimity: A ſtrong Argument for which was to be drawn from the many ruined Fortreſſes up and down our Country; ſome of which are taken Notice of, and ſeveral others remain unmentioned. As all Theſe had both their Riſe and Fall from the Civil Diſſenſions of our Anceſtors, they were of Weight to diſcountenance private Diſcord, which would end in common Confuſion. Perſons embodied for the Preſervation of their Country, like the Links of a Chain, can only be beneficial while holding together. Our brave Tars repelled the public Foe; public Love was an Inducement to glory that we were uſeleſs; and Unanimity tended to ſhew we could be ſerviceable. But it being the Eve of a Peace, this intended Addreſs

was

was laid aſide; though the Deſign did not remain wholly a Secret. It is now printed, to pleaſe ſuch as honoured it with their Approbation while in Manuſcript, eſpecially as it has undergone of late ſome Alteration.

It does not belong to me to obſerve, whether there be any Beauty in the Compoſition in general; or whether the Thoughts be natural and ſublime, the Compariſons ſtriking, the Images animated, the Deſcriptions picturesque; or the Turns poetical, the Numbers harmonious, the Expreſſions elegant, and the Diction magnificent.—But it may be proper to ſay ſomething in Behalf of the Notes. If the Reader meets with any thing there unexpectedly ſerious, it is intended to ſave him the Trouble of having Recourſe to larger Treatiſes; as, not to mention more powerful Calls, the Hiſtory which introduces it would naturally prompt a Deſire to examine into the particular Merits of theſe important Diſputes: He will therefore be perhaps not diſagreeably ſur-

prized to find himſelf in the main made tolerably acquainted with this intereſting Subject, and by ſome Arguments either new, or ſet in a new, I hope no diſadvantageous Light, when he never ſuſpected any ſuch Matter, and before he could have traced the Diſcuſſion of any one principal Point elſewhere, if he had Courage ſufficient to undertake it, which more voluminous Writings might deter him from, however neceſſary. The Philoſophical Obſervations being merely ſpeculative, the Reception they will meet with creates little Uneaſineſs. One Recommendation, though not the beſt, they are ſecure of, which is Novelty. The only Defence to be made is, that not *Des Cartes*, nor *Newton*, but Reaſon, ought to be the Maſter of a rational Being; and that no Perſon's Word, however great his Authority, ought to be taken on Truſt in Philoſophy. Thus the admirable *Newton*, who preſumed to ſtrike out a Path for Himſelf, though in general He has overturned the *Carteſian* Syſtem, yet in much is deficient Himſelf; and if I miſtake not, is not without In-

ſtances of falling ſhort of any Improvement in particular Points on the Philoſophy He has ſo effectually in general ſubverted. Thus as to the Firſt; Attraction ſolves many Phænomena: But what is the convening Cauſe? Who will venture to ſpeak, when *Newton* is ſilent? Say we Rarefaction? Whence this? There is no Crime in ſurmizing, the interpoſing active Ether in its Incidence on, and Reflection from, the acceding Bodies, diſpels and diſſipates the intermediate Air between the Bodies; and diminiſhes the Reſiſtance to the Compreſſion of the exterior circumambient Fluid; and this happens indifferently to the ſmalleſt Bodies and the largeſt. For the latter Point, ſee their Opinions of the Cauſes of Elaſticity, Magnetiſm, Electricity, Gravity, and the Principles of Bodies, and of a ſubtle Matter; which though Sir *Iſaac* rejects, yet he is an Advocate for a ſubtle Ether, thus depriving *Des Cartes* even of what is due to Him, whatever wrong Purpoſes he applies it to. That there is a ſubtle Ether, which is however material, and yet penetrates

traces visible Bodies irresistibly, various Experiments shew; this minute Element, when attracted and collected by the Electrical Glass through its swift Motion, is repelled again with an astonishing Velocity; and, when impeded in its Passage, strikes the Obstacle with the utmost Violence: The Approach of another Body, by the additional Heat in and reflected from such Body, expanding the intermediate Air, and abating its Resistance to the Effluvia, increases and accelerates by Attraction the Moment of this elastic Matter, that it becomes visible in a Flash of Fire; which is nothing but a Matter so fine and so elastic as to pass freely and easily through the various Parts of the Eye to the Seat of Vision, whence by the Faculty of Perception it is communicated to the Soul; it is so subtle, it often passes through the closed Eye-lids in a sufficient Quantity to enable a Person even then to perceive Light, as is found comparatively by interposing somewhat between the Light and the Eye, and afterwards removing

moving it. To proceed: There are none, how ſagacious ſoever, ſo imperfect is Man, whoſe Opinions are always to be implicitly adopted, or whoſe Syſtems are ſo compleat that there is no Room for many Additions and great Improvements. If the Reader diſlikes the Hypotheſes here advanced, let Him examine, whether he is not biaſſed by a long Prejudice; which urges him peremptorily to oppoſe ſuch Notions as do not coincide with his inveterate Concluſions: Let him conſider whether he has calmly and deliberately reflected, that it is poſſible what are now propoſed may have ſome Foundation; and that no human Syſtem is ſo correct as not to afford Room for Alteration, or ſo perfect as to admit of no Addition. For then, conſidering the exceeding Subtlety and violent Rapidity of the Ethereal Matter, as in Electricity, and the aſtoniſhing Progreſs of Light, we need not be over-ſcrupulous of admitting a Suppoſition, that Ether, by its Activity and Impulſe, by its extreme Subtlety and

extreme

extreme Elaſticity, occaſions all the mechanical Revolutions of Nature; through Rarefaction, cauſing Attraction, or, if you pleaſe, Acceſſion; through Elaſticity, cauſing Repulſion. And here let me obſerve, if the ſame Cauſe under different Circumſtances is aſſigned to different Effects, this is often confirmed by Obſervation: For Inſtance, if a Solar Ray is attracted by a Knife, it is repelled alſo; but why? there may be no Abſurdity in ſuppoſing that, at the firſt Approach of the two Bodies, before they come near enough for their mutual Atmoſpheres, ſuch as all Bodies are inveſted with, to touch and exclude the intervening Current of Air, which reſiſts their Contact; they are near enough to render ſo elaſtic this intervening Air, as to force the Ray of Light out of its Direction; but, on a ſtill nearer Approach, their mutual Atmoſpheres unite, and exclude the intervening Current of Air; and this Reſiſtance being removed, the exteriour circumambient Air, preſſing the two Bodies together, effects their Concurrence and Contact: Thus Air, by Activity and Elaſticity,

cauſes Repulſion; by Excluſion, and even Diſſipation, which is a partial Removal, makes Room for Attraction, Acceſs, or the Compreſſion of an exteriour Force—This Theory is now ſubmitted to the candid Reader's Diſquiſition.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT.

Proem; an Invocation of the Muſe, and the Merit of the Theme: Addreſs to Merlin's *Shade; the Poet's Apology.— Deſcription of the Hills on the North; Vale of* Towy *on the South; its Fertility; its Healthineſs; and, by Way of Contraſt, the Diſtemper among the Cattle in* England; *which is compared to the Plague at* Athens. Towy *compared to his Majeſty. A Deſcription of the black Mountains, Proteſtors of* Britiſh *Liberty; particularly in the Time of* Lewhellin, *our laſt Prince. The Peace now enjoyed, in Oppoſition to ancient Broils. The Patriotiſm of* Brecon, *and the Hermits in the Hills there. Contraſt between it and* Carmarthenſhire; *Want of Manufactories in the latter Place; its natural Advantages; Convenience of the Port of* Tenby; *Diſtreſs of Æneas for Want of a Harbour, from* Virgil. *Advantage of* Milford *to the Trade of* Towy. *Neglect of this Haven.* Dinevor Caſtle; *fatal Effects of civil Broils: Contrary*

trary Effects from the preſent Tranquillity. Golden-Grove *ſtripped of her Woods; her former Loſs by Fire, and Repair.* Lanſtephan Caſtle; Langunnor. Abergwilly Palace. *Biſhop* Ferrar, *who owned the Spot, a Martyr. Happineſs of the preſent Prelates. Prayer for conſtant Exemption from Perſecution. Concluſion; natural Advantages of our Hills: Praiſe due to the Author of Nature.*

THE

THE HEAD OF THE ROCK.

DEIGN, heav'nly Muſe, an em'lous Bard inſpire
With *Denham's* Straiths, or *Pope's* poetic Fire,
Noble as theirs a Landſkip courts thy Praiſe,
Till now unſung; O, lend harmonious Lays.
Were I with Pow'rs like *Britiſh Merlin's* bleſt,
Divine as rapt each ſacred Prophet's Breaſt;
Fam'd *Windſor* Foreſt, *Pentregraig*, in Thee
And *Cooper's Hill*, a Rival then would ſee.
Proud Rivers, ſolemn Groves, and green Retreats,
Majeſtic Caſtles, venerable Seats,
You undiſturb'd in Innocence poſſeſs;
Nor daily Murders make thy Beauties leſs.
Lo the bright Town that crowns thy brilliant View,
Fair are its Structures, nor its Hiſt'ry new;
High in Antiquity, in Glory great,
The Nurſe of Heroes and the Muſes Seat.
In *Maridunum Merlin* liv'd; 'twas there
He firſt ſaw Light and breath'd the vital Air;
His Love of heav'nly Science there began,
There up to Man he roſe and more than Man.

Merlin in Lore ſurpaſt who live below,
In Myſt'ries vers'd, none elſe but Angels know:
He read the Stars, and with prophetic Tongue
As certain as the paſt the future ſung.
He ſung, "Whene'er a Prince with freckled Face
"Shall muddy *Nant-penkarn* advent'rous paſs,
"*Welſh* Blood muſt flow:" Too ſoon did *Cambria* rue
The Hour that prov'd the Seer's Preſages true;
When freckled *Henry* brav'd the fatal Flood,
And moiſten'd all our Soil with native Blood.
He ſung, "Adieu to *Britiſh* Kings, from *Rome*
"Till old *Cadwallader* reviſit Home."
From *Rome Cadwallader* returns no more,
And *Britiſh* Kings ne'er ſince hold *Britiſh* Pow'r.
Whilom He, ſeated on his fav'rite Mount
Contiguous, hail'd the Scenes I here recount.
Accept propitious, venerable Shade!
This Tribute to thy hallow'd Mem'ry paid:
Indulge, illumin'd Wight, indulge my Strains,
Nor deem my Muſe thy wond'rous Name profanes,
Who dictates Lines inferior to thy Pow'rs;
Merit we can't deſcribe, t' admire is ours:
If Numbers muſt do Juſtice to thy Fame,
'Tis *Merlin's* Song muſt *Merlin's* Praiſe proclaim.
I too unapt am in Majeſtic Verſe
His Country's Charms and Story to rehearſe;
Me different Cares to diſtant Plains remove,
Far from our Hills and from the Soil I love:
In *Granta's* cloiſt'ring Walls 'tis mine to pore
On Books in Languages that live no more;

To

To con each *Roman* and each *Attic* Page
Of Poet, Orator, Hiſtorian, Sage;
Ambitiouſly with theſe to roll away
Each coming Night and each returning Day.
Yet, *Pentregraig*, oft there I turn to thee,
Bright Contemplation's pow'rful Glaſs, to ſee
Thy variegated Scenes, and meditate
Their chequer'd Beauties, and their chequer'd Fate.
Plac'd on thy Van, what various Views delight
The raviſh'd Soul, and captivate the Sight!
Lo, Northern Mountains high o'er Mountains riſe,
Each higher than the laſt, the higheſt ſtrike the Skies.
When daring Giants fought the Realms above,
And Hills on Hills impos'd; in vain they ſtrove:
Here had they come, ere their rough Toil begun,
They'd found the monſtrous Taſk by Nature done!
If Infinite Pow'r th' obſequious Wind commands
From *Atlas'* Foam to water diſtant Lands;
Th' aſpiring Vapours quit the ſhrinking Main,
Oceans aſcend, and croud th' Etherial Plain;
A double Complement muſt ſwell the Storm,
The Dictates of th' Almighty to perform!
Elſe our ſtupendous Peaks would impious meet
The Clouds, and half the Will of God defeat:
The Tempeſts they oppoſe with Foreheads bare,
And Heap on Heap rebuff th' impregnate Air;
Rattling adown their Clifts the Currents pour,
The Mountains echo, while the Vallies roar.
So the keen Lightning from *Plinlimmon's* Brow,
Strikes a cleft Rock ſwift to the Depths below:

Precipitate it ſmites a Lambkin dead,
That on the verdant Slope unwitting fed;
Or in its Road if ſome lone Shepherd ſits,
By Fate inſcrutable the Youth it hits:
The luckleſs Lad impetuous tumbles down,
The Vallies catch him, and the Rivers drown.
From the Brown Mountains that in Heav'ns are loſt,
Recall the Sight, and mark a fairer Coaſt.
View the bright South, ſee Nature all array'd
In gayeſt Garb; her Wealth, her Pride diſplay'd.
In *Towy's* Vale what Glories feaſt our Eyes,
Entrance our Senſes, and our Souls ſurprize!
Who can delineate, who enough admire
Each Lodge, Grove, Riv'let, Caſtle, Vill, and Spire?
To paint each Scene no Colours can be found,
Riches and Beauty crowd th' enchanted Ground.
Such Landſkip *Satan*, blinded by his Pride,
Might chooſe, the World's Redeemer to deride;
And to his heav'nly Bounty ingrate owe
The Bribe by which he meant the Man t' o'erthrow.
Benighted Mortals thus too often leave
For Wealth the Pow'r who only Wealth can give!
Eternal Verdure revels in the Meads,
And turgid Ears diſtreſs the bending Reeds.
Thy Acres, fertile *Towy*, crown thy Poor,
And glad each Foreign Market with their Store.
Ceres to thee ſtill chearful pours her Grain,
When other Lands invoke her Smiles in vain.
Rich Viands thy luxuriant Paſtures yield,
To countleſs Herds that darken ev'ry Field.

Vig'rous and frolic, see they skip and play,
As jocund Flies dance all a Summer's Day.
What Time the lowing Tenants of the Plain
Said *England* rues by awful Pest'lence slain,
From thy sound Dales she joys her Lawns to find
With Stock repeopled of a happier Kind.
Sweet is the Soil and pure the Climate here,
Distemper shuns the salutary Air.
A blacker Fate disastrous *Anglia* wounds,
Infection taints her Skies, pollutes her Grounds.
Her Cattle sportive now, now lifeless lie,
Sudden they sicken, droop their Heads, and die.
No longer *Æsculapius* can prevail,
Art's impotent, and Med'cine's Virtues fail;
Robb'd are her Meads of all their Pride and Flow'r,
And instant Death and Fate whole Hecatombs devour.
Athens of yore thus felt Distempers rage,
Woman nor Man are spar'd, nor Youth, nor Age;
Drugs lost their Pow'rs, each Artist's Skill was fled,
The best Physicians soonest join the Dead.
Med'cine the Torture only could increase,
Fresh Pain it caus'd, and bred a new Disease.
The vital Air flows vital here no more;
The solar Rays, not Health, but Fevers pour.
Like a mad Bull, Fate ranges thro' the Streets,
And tramples riotous o'er all it meets.
Heaps thrown on Heaps the Crouds tumultuous lie,
The Living meet the Dead, and meeting die;
Life's Harbinger turns Minister of Death,
The Valid perish by the Patient's Breath.

The Husband drops, his Wife takes one Embrace,
Her last Farewell, and sinks upon his Face.
Friends to the Pile bear Friends, in Turn expire
Under the Dead, and share a common Fire.
Strange! Charity kills many and the best;
Despair slays Multitudes, and Want the Rest.
Crimes these commit, all Human Pow'r defy,
They know, ere Judgement can ensue, they die.
Those curse their Gods, and doubt if Gods there are,
Since Good and Bad alike Misfortune share.
Lo some to Dissipation others call,
"Let's live To-day, we ere To-morrow fall."
The Captive's only blest, He's free again,
He's doubly freed, from Prison, and from Pain.
See wretched Dogs some hapless Corpse devour,
Poison with Flesh they eat, and are no more.
The *Spartans* flusht with Conquest hover round,
Instant to seize, yet shun th' *Athenian* Ground:
Here none oppose them, yet they come not here;
More than their living Foes their dead they fear:
The Pest'lence fore'd proud *Sparta* from her Prey,
For which she fought and bled, and won the Day.
We triumph, *Athens*, while for thee we groan,
Lament thy Fate, rejoice 'tis not our own:
Never may *England's* sad Disease, nor thine,
Reach *Cambria's* healthy Sons or healthy Kine!
May our high Rocks and *Tovy's* purging Wave
His beauteous Lawns from all Contagion save!
Hail, *Tovy*, of *Demetian* Floods the Head,
Thy Crown a Hill, a lovely Vale thy Bed!

Majeſtic as a King you ſtalk along;
Smiling, yet awful; and, tho' gentle, ſtrong.
While lofty Mountains ſtand tremendous round,
Firm Satellites of thy prolific Ground,
With ſtately Pace you ſlowly move away,
The Graces haunt thy Banks, and court thy Stay.
But when the Dregs of Mountain-ſcowering Rain
Thy limpid Flood or flow'ry Borders ſtain;
Too noble foul Indignity to brook,
Rous'd, like affronted Royalty, you look,
Tempeſtuous rage, and loud as Thunder roar;
In th' Inundation loſt is ev'ry Shore,
So *Albion's* mighty Sovereign we behold
Eſcorted by a Train of Soldiers bold,
Britannia's Glory; with imperial Grace
He marches; ſolemn and auguſt his Pace:
While loyal Voices hail our ſacred King,
And echoing Skies with "*George* for ever" ring.
The Monarch halts, with Look benign ſurveys
Our Joy, while we reiterate his Praiſe.
If ſome proud pow'r, of fancied Proweſs vain,
Diſpute his Empire on the boundleſs Main;
The crouded Ocean Weight unuſual feels,
Preſs'd by the Burden of his thund'ring Keels;
The bellowing Cannon vindicate his Sway,
And Floods ſulphureous deluge all the Day.
See the black Mountains Eaſt like Champions ſtand,
The faithful Walls of *Tory's* happy Land:
Th' eternal Maſs of everlaſting Hills
Sunders the Clouds, and all the Welkin fills;

Like *Atlas* they to Eyes below appear,
Crown'd with the Stars, and propping up the Sphere.
Here as I journey'd, to my dizzy Sight,
I seem'd amidst the Heav'ns to take my Flight.
When Scholars thus to *Snowdon's* Peak repair,
To measure Planets, or to weigh the Air,
There none but Angels they their Equals know,
Rais'd to the Skies they lose the World below.
Amaz'd I trod upon Creation's Top;
The Birds here faint, and giddy downward drop.
Above the glorious setting Sun I stood,
As prostrate he salutes th' *Atlantic* Flood.
Mountains at Distance sunk like Molehills shew,
And Vales as furrow'd Trenches of a Plough.
The Towns and Villas glittering Pebbles seem;
And, *Towy*, thou a capillary Stream.
In Diminution lost; while here to me
The Western Main appears a petty Sea.
From North to South the Hills extending far
Hide rising Day, and Eastern Blasts debar.
Ne'er shall they perish but when all Things shall,
And only with the whole Creation fall.—
Since Time was young, they stood our best Support,
Our Ancestors' Defence, our Country's Fort.
From the fell *Saxon* hither we retir'd
With Love of Native Liberty inspir'd:
The *Trojans* thus, when *Troy* was no more,
Seek a new Country on a happier Shore.
When cruel *Rufus Cambria's* Slavery sought,
Fenc'd by our Hills, for Liberty we fought:

Tho'

Tho' burnt each Village, burnt was ev'ry Town;
That dearer Treasure still remain'd our own.
Here, thro' each Age and each despotic Reign,
Oppression led her Iron Troops in vain:
Cunning and Force against us ne'er prevail,
Superiour Numbers, *English* Armies fail.
Llewhelin here 'gainst Tyrant *Edward* stood,
And for his Country dar'd what Hero cou'd.
Great his Desert, tho' crown'd not with Success,
More prosp'rous oft are Those who merit less!
Bright *Eleanor*, *Llewhelin's* plighted Wife,
By *Cambria's* Lord belov'd beyond his Life,
Fell *Edward's* Prize; what *England* lost in Fight,
Is won at Beauty's Cost, in Valour's Spight:
Heav'ns! why are gen'rous Bosoms so distrest?
Fame and Desire alternate sway his Breast.
He must, Compliance tho' He loath'd, comply;
Submit thro' Passion, or for Glory die.
One to maintain since He must t'other yield,
He sides with Love, and Honour quits the Field.
Achilles thus in Fight could Death repel;
But, by his Love trepann'd, the Hero fell.
The Prince renews th' Alarms of War in vain,
Once conquer'd basely, now is basely slain;
Kill'd by a Foe unknown, by Friends betray'd,
And Traytor like *The Tower* receiv'd his Royal Head.
Fall'n is their Hope, must *Cambria's* Sons no more
Their ancient Freedom keep, and former Pow'r?
No, if their Souls submit to *England's* Throne,
The King to sit thereon must be their own.

Edward

Edward conducts his pregnant Conſort here,
Who gives a Lord to Them, and Him an Heir:
Him They ſcarce own, tho' from that ſignal Day
Each *Cambrian* Prince is born to *Britiſh* Sway:
Till *England's* Sceptre's won by *Tudor's* Race,
Whoſe Pow'r They honour, and whoſe Laws embrace.
Ye World of Rocks, to your rough Crowns We owe
Freedom's fair Streams that thro' our Country flow.
Freedom We boaſt; *Tovy*, its Rays are thine,
In the Hind's Face and Lab'rer's Smile They ſhine.
Enrich our Mountain Tops, adorn our Dales,
And deck with Flow'rs each dreary Tract of *Wales*,
We to our Hills for calm Purſuits reſort,
Hunt on our Ramparts, o'er our Caſtles ſport.
No more arm'd Garriſons our Holds maintain;
There Hermits dwell, and Peace delights to reign:
No more at Diſtance hoſtile Troops We ken,
But *Brecon* fertile of the beſt of Men.
Hail, *Brecon*, hail, with ev'ry Comfort bleſt,
That Mothers know of pious Sons poſſeſs'd.
Not that the greateſt Warriors breath'd her Air,
I *Cambria* boaſt, but for her Patriots here.
O, were my Life's Diſpoſal left to Me,
Such as They are, my Option is to be!
How great the Mind, how excellent the Heart,
To nurſe each Virtue, ſuckle ev'ry Art;
Rewards to Parts and Induſtry to give,
Science and Morals kindly bid to live;
Ignorance and Vice from human Minds to chaſe,
While ev'ry Good ſupplies their vacant Place!

Freely

Freely to Each that truly wants to ſpare,
And hear and anſwer ev'ry needy Pray'r.
The Traveler, tir'd and lone, partakes of Good,
Mountains are level'd to prepare his Road.
Go on, great Souls, ſecure with each Endeavour,
True Pleaſures now, Felicity for ever:
Content below, eternal Wealth above,
Shall crown your ſocial Cares and public Love.
Nor in thy Soil do theſe, fam'd *Brecon*, riſe
Sole Treaſures; other Riches greet our Eyes!
Ne'er ſhalt Thou ſay, when Flow'rs from *Pindus* fell
On each Part elſe, none reacht the Anch'ret's Cell.
Diſtinguiſht Land, each Spot each Virtue fills,
Thy Vallies Patriots, Saints adorn thy Hills.
Diverſe, and yet alike, in Love of Good:
This Both purſue, yet chooſe a different Road:
Short Time for Pray'r! In Acts Thoſe ſpeak the Man,
Theſe are paſt Action, Pray'r is all They can.
Of Monks recluſe a venerable Claſs;
Long Beards their Chins, grey Hair their Foreheads grace:
In natural Lodgings, void of Doors and Locks,
They dwell, and reſt ſecure amidſt the Rocks;
For why, the Wealth They boaſt They cannot loſe;
Their only Treaſure from their Virtue flows.
In Contemplation pure They ſpend the Day,
Their Nights in Adorations wing their Way.
Save what ſmall Pauſe to Nature's Calls They give,
Few Calls and brief have Thoſe who temp'rate live.
No Wine, They taſte where deadly Poiſon broods,
But heav'nly Nectar dropping from the Clouds;

No

No carnal Food They know, and None require,
Roots satisfy both Hunger and Desire;
For Science best Repast, and best for Health,
The Mind's grand Treasure, and the Body's Wealth:
From Passions free, but what from Virtue rise;
Fled from the World, They live amidst the Skies:
Their Minds and Bodies did alike repair
Upward, and left the Earth to Others' Care.
Yet once an Age perhaps They venture down,
To learn of Men what Monarch wears the Crown.
If War or Peace 'twixt rival Kingdoms reign;
Then mount to their Aerial Grots again.
Some stay thro' social Zeal awhile below,
To pay a charitable Debt They owe;
The Truth and Learning they've acquir'd, to preach,
Bewilder'd Man the Way to Virtue teach:
Thin is their Audience, and attentive few;
Rev'rence They get, and that is all They do;
Find Man too far immers'd in Vice t'amend,
Regain their Hills, and never more descend.

Towy, to *Brecon's* Joys how paltry thine,
Languid thy Spirit, faint thy Beauties shine.
Why are not glorious Arts befriended here,
And Manufactures patroniz'd as there?
More fertile Crops not *Brecon's* Soil can know
Than thine; her Flocks not purer Fleeces shew.
As low Provision, Labour is as cheap,
Shallow her Stream, Thine bountifully deep.
Discord expel, nurse public Spirit, blest
With that great Good, you'd soon acquire the rest.

Thy

Thy Roads, Canals, and Locks, and Waggon Ways,
Would plunder other Countries of their Praiſe:
Whoſe Barks now under channel'd Mountains go,
Now ſail o'er Crouds that wond'ring gaze below,
And up the Hills anon ambitious mount,
As if each River refluent ſought his Fount.
Then, *Towy*, would thy hardy Natives ceaſe
To drudge in wealthier Lands for Others' Eaſe.
Then mighty Fleets would crowd thy ſwelling Streams,
Then would *Welſh Towy* rival *Engliſh Thames*.
Then other Marts would ſtagnate Trade bemoan,
Commerce with ev'ry Clime might be your own.
Weſtward of *Towy* lies fair *Tenby's* Bay,
A loveſier Town ne'er ſaw the Face of Day!
Here *Towy's* Fleets Security may gain
From raging Tempeſts, and the bluſt'ring Main,
An hoſpitable Port, tho' Traffic's dead,
Within her Walls, and all her Splendor fled!
Hail, Native Town; oft from thy lofty Shore,
When foaming Surges rave, and Hurr'canes roar;
Oft have I ſeen the ſhatter'd Veſſels driv'n,
The Mock of Ocean, and the Sport of Heav'n.
Now to the Stars, now, now to Bottom toſt;
Swallow'd from Sight, to Expectation loſt.
Again beyond our Hope they're hung on high,
Climbing on moving Mountains to the Sky:
The liquid Hills o'ertop the Hills on Land,
Down from the Clouds they thunder on the Strand.
Th' aſtoniſh'd Crews hoiſt Signals of Diſtreſs,
Our Pilots ardent to their Succour preſs.

The Barks thus reſcued kiſs the friendly Shore,
The Tars their vent'rous Aids, and tell the Dangers o'er.
The *Trojans* erſt a gloomier Lot ſuſtain;
Some ſheltry Port they ſeek, but ſeek in vain;
Rebellious Winds thro' Heav'n's rent Portals ruſh,
And o'er the rocking Lands tempeſtuous bruſh,
Eaſt, Weſt, and ſtormy South the Waters ſweep,
Diſturb th' infernal Caverns of the Deep!
And roll the Mountain Billows to the Shore,
The Rigging rattles, and the Seamen roar.
The Skies and Day are loſt in ſudden Clouds;
And diſmal Night o'er the wild Ocean broods.
Loud Thunders rend the Pole: fierce Lightnings fly
From ev'ry Point around the warring Sky.
Death in each Element to Man appears,
And ev'ry Death he ſuffers in his Fears.
To Heav'n their Chief thrice offer'd empty Pray'r,
Loſt in the boiſt'rous Whirlwinds of the Air.
Thro' ſhatter'd Sails outrageous *Boreas* roars,
Lifts Billows to the Stars, and ſtaves their Oars,
The reeling Bark yields to the Seas her Side,
Aſtern a briny Mountain pours a World of Tide.
The Waves hoiſt theſe aloft, to others ſhew
Within their yawning Wombs the Shoals below.
Sands mix with boiling Seas, three Gallies toſt
By Southern Guſts on ſunken Rocks are loſt.
Three more, O Sight of Woe! keen *Eurus* ſtrands,
Daſhes on Flats, and buries in the Sands.
O'er yonder Bark a tenth Wave thunders down,
And headlong from the Helm the Pilot's thrown;

Thrice

Thrice Whirlpools drive the moving Tow'r around,
Then ſwallow Her beneath the Gulph profound.
Lo, ſtruggling on the Seas, a wretched Few
Appear; Goods, Pictures, Arms, wide Ocean ſtrew,
The Storm another and another ſinks;
The groaning Planks disjoin; thro' rav'nous Chinks,
Whole Floods of Fate each thirſty Galley drinks.
Weſtward is *Milford*, ſafe from Wind and Tide
There mightieſt Navies may triumphant ride;
As Mirrour ſmooth, or Face of Lady fair,
It ſmiles at all the Paſſions of the Air.
Pembroke, ſweet Flood! enamour'd of thy Charms
Strictly around Thee folds her circling Arms;
Whilſt you entranc'd in her fond Boſom find
A warm and kind Aſylum from the Wind.
Now, like a Maid, you modeſtly retire,
Now you return, and grant her full Deſire;
So, in old Song, by Turns *Adonis* flies,
And meets by Turns the Beauty of the Skies.
Yet, *Milford*, while I ſing, its Fate I moan,
No Commerce there, or Commerce next to none.
The Sun each Day round Earth beholds it hurl'd,
An idle Port, and nobleſt in the World!
It muſt be ſo; tho' guarded from the Sky,
To Storms of War its Gallies naked lie.
Trade may in vain our ſilent Coaſts explore,
And, bringing Treaſure, pillage us of more.
As we have been, if beſt, remain we ſtill:
The fancied Good may prove our greateſt Ill.

Are

Are we now Poor? from thence our Comforts ſpring;
Our Poverty will no Annoyance bring:
The Wealth we boaſt is Induſtry and Peace:
If dang'rous Gold can make theſe Riches ceaſe,
Let dang'rous Gold ſtill fly our happy Shore,
Happy with None, may We continue poor!
Return, my Muſe; ſtill *Youy* claims my Lays,
And other Scenes preſents, to beggar Praiſe.
Dinevor's Ruins ſee, Man's Labour frail,
Dark'ning the Flood, and frowning o'er the Vale.
Contemplate here the Fate of human Things,
Of Heroes Brav'ry, and the Pow'r of Kings;
Thus, Thus, their Pow'r, their Brav'ry, fleeting all,
To Duſt will moulder, to Deſtruction fall.
Yet, Royal Fort, triumphant lives thy Name,
Illuſtrious ever on the Rolls of Fame.
Warriors and Legiſlators flouriſh'd here,
Who aw'd the Foe, Injuſtice taught to fear.
Here, *Howel*, You to Prince and Statesman roſe,
Thy Country ſway'd, and gave Her godlike Laws.
From *Rodric* thy Deſcent, Great *Rodric* came
From the laſt Monarch of the *Britiſh* Name.
From thy Old Race deſcends Great *Tudor's* Line,
And *York* and *Lancaſter* in *Tudor* join.
Thou from the Great, the Great from Thee their Blood
Derive; yet greateſt Thou, for Thou waſt good.
Taſk endleſs of *Dinevor's* Lords to write,
Each that in Rule excel'd, or ſhone in Fight!
Num'rous the Liſt that Liberty retain,
In Spite of *Saxon*, *Norman*, or the *Dane!*

Oft have her Tow'rs and Ramparts all around
Echo'd to War's Alarms and Battle's Sound.
Oft has her Sov'reign's and her Champion's Blood
Made the Vales bluſh, and crimſon'd *Towy's* Flood:
Why bluſh'd the Vales, and why was *Towy* red?
They fought for Freedom, for their Country bled.
Honeſt the Dye! Here Shame ne'er caſt a Stain,
But when our Youth in homebred Feuds were ſlain:
Too oft inteſtine Broils has *Towy* known,
And redden'd then with Purple all his own:
Too oft He ſwell'd amidſt the civil Jars
Of adverſe Neighbours in domeſtic Wars:
When Lions rampant rampant Lions meet,
And Brothers lay their Brothers at their Feet:
And hoſtile Parents kill their hoſtile Sons,
While their own Blood from ſlaughter'd En'mies runs.
Two Bulls I've ſeen, in neighb'ring Paſtures fed,
Spring from one Sire, from Sifter Heifers bred;
They meet, They fight, They thunder Roar for Roar,
And bathe their mangled Hides in reeking Gore;
Their Bell'wings rend the Sky, and fill the Plain,
While Plains and Skies ring Peal for Peal again:
So Men like Brutes reject each nat'ral Tie,
Sons ſlay their Sires, by Kinſmen Kinſmen die.
O hapleſs *Rodric*, what a Tide of Woe
From thy Partition did thy Realms o'erflow!
For thy fell Heirs thy fatal Kingdom torn,
Black Hate and fiery-ey'd Diſſention born!
Ungen'rous *Cadeth Mervin's* Province ſought,
For *Cadeth's Antarawd* ambitious fought:

Quarrel succeeded Quarrel, endleſs Blows
And *Cambria's* Bane from *Cambria's* Sons aroſe.
Such was the mighty *Roman* Empire's Fate,
When *Conſtantine's* Deſcendants ſplit the State.
Divinely true 'tis found in ev'ry Land,
A Realm divided ne'er can hope to ſtand.
The *Grecians* erſt by one another fall;
While Each fights Each, the *Macedon* beats all.
When *Sylla Marius*, *Cæſar Pompey* fought,
The Victors Vict'ry with their Country bought;
When Either conquer'd, or when Either fled,
'Twas *Rome* was routed, only *Romans* bled.
Lo *Germany* in her own Flames expires,
As burning *Etna* waſtes with native Fires.
Fred'ric 's appal'd to ſee his Glory riſe,
From Scenes of Slaughter where his Country dies;
Yet, tho' appal'd, ſtill on he wades in Blood,
The Sword of Vengeance, Thunderbolt of God.
'Twas ever ill-ſtar'd *Britain's* cruel Fate,
To ſuffer worſt from Members of the State.
Ne'er had Old *Rome* our warlike Iſle ſubdu'd,
If foreign Foes had ſilenc'd private Feud.
What *Briton* knows not what a Train of Woes
From *York* and *Lancaſter's* long Wars aroſe?
Who'll count the Battles fought, and Soldiers ſlain,
From *Shrewſbury's* Field till *Boſworth's* bloody Plain?
Our Royal Martyr loſt his Crown and Head;
Vanquiſh'd by Rebels, He by Traitors bled.
You, ſacred *George*, reign'd not from Treaſon free,
Yet whom can They obey who could not Thee!

Of

Of yore old *Tovy* felt theſe foreſt Blows,
His furious Natives were his fierceſt Foes.
Of his brave Sons by other Sons bereft,
Oft was He to th' Invader naked left:
Oft have his own Barbarians' ſavage Hands
Rifled his Stores, deſpoil'd his fertile Lands:
Oft, when his beauteous falling Villas blaz'd,
He conſcious wept, They unrelenting gaz'd:
His fav'rite Daughter *Mariannam* ſtill,
Not Them could charm, her lovely Charms to ſpare;
Like Raviſhers, the hotter was their Luſt,
The ſoonet to Deſire ſucceeds Diſguſt;
Triumphant in her Spoil their App'tites cloy,
And now, what lately They purſu'd, deſtroy.
Ye Deſperadoes, curb your impious Hands,
Yet, yet, extinguiſh your perfidious Brands!
Ah no, heart-glad They raiſe her funeral Fires;
Tovy would quench the Flame, and in't expires.
See, ſee, the airy Forms of Bards ariſe
From gaping Graves, and floating in the Skies,
O'erhang each Mountain's Brow; aghaſt their Air,
Haggard their Looks, and looſe their ſnowy Hair,
Back-ſtreaming; Dirges wildly ſad They play:
While Winds bear Chorus, Winds as wild as They.
Save Me, O Fate, ſee *Tovy's* hoary Locks
Sing'd in the Blaze; each ancient Mountain rocks
At his deep Baſe; th' infuriate Ocean roars;
Diſſolving Heav'n an Inundation pours:
Keen Lightnings glance, and loudeſt Thunders roll;
Earth ſhudders from the Centre to the Pole,

And veils the modeſt Moon; while ſable Night,
Parent of Horror, hides the Solar Light.
Nature's appal'd, and makes pathetic Moan;
Tovy her Son, her darling *Tovy*, 's gone!
A deſp'rate Mother wails her fav'rite Boy,
Loſt is her future Hope and only Joy;
She tears her Breaſt, her Cheeks, and flowing Hair;
Calls Death, who kill'd her Bliſs, to kill her Care.
Thus Nature wept; nor ceas'd her bitter Cries,
Till a new *Tovy* iſſu'd from her Eyes:
From Him a *Maridunum* We behold
Much fairer ſpring, and happier than the old:
O may She ne'er but with Old Time expire,
And blaze then only when the World's on Fire!
Far other Times now bleſs our happy Land;
Comfort and Mercy here walk Hand in Hand.
Peace rules our Clime, and Plenty fills our Crops;
While Joy bounds wanton o'er the Mountain Tops.
Feſtive the Day, and ſocial is the Night;
Life's a continual Circle of Delight:
No more our Fields are dy'd with native Blood,
No more the Streams of Life ſtain *Tovy's* Flood;
No more his Natives dare his Natives ſlay,
His blazing Domes no more turn Night to Day:
Clarions and Drums no longer here reſound;
But ſprightly Cornets chear the ſpending Hound.
To kill falſe *Reynard* 's now our bloodieſt Deed,
Or Otter, Murd'rer of the finny Breed.
Our Hills look ſmiling down on ſmiling Dales;
While *Tovy* jocund laves his joyous Vales:

Our.

Our Flocks ſkip jovial on the Mountain's Brow,
Our Herds as frolic friſk in Plains below:
Our rip'ning Fields in golden Colours gay
Dance with the buxom Zephyrs all the Day.
The chearful Meads are deck'd in lively Green,
Blith *Maridunum* tiptoe views the Scene.
—See yon proud Steed participate the Joy,
In ſportive Play the gameſome Hours employ;
Wanton with Eaſe, He ſnuffs the balmy Wind,
Flies out and ſpurns the Duſt He leaves behind;
Youth fires his Limbs, the Lightning of his Eye
Rivals the dazzling Glories of the Sky:
He neighs, ſnorts, pants, his Creſt contemptuous rears;
Owns no Reſtraint, nor any Danger fears.
Now churns his Foam, now ſcatters with Diſdain,
And vaults impatient of the humble Plain.
His Eye darts o'er the Vale; with pinion'd Flight
His Feet purſue, and nigh o'ertake his Sight.
The brazen Hoofs like Thunder ſhake the Ground;
While Earth and Seas, and Air and Heav'n reſound.
Such Steeds in War *Britannia's* Sons beſtride,
When dreadful thro' th' embattled Field they ride:
No hoſtile Force their martial Spirit quells,
That fiercer ſtill by fierce Reſiſtance ſwells:
They breathe at ev'ry pore, they Paw, they neigh,
With look intrepid glitt'ring Arms ſurvey;
And meaſure with devouring Sight the Ground,
Fir'd at the Din of War and Trumpet's Sound:
The Cannon's Thunder they rejoice to hear,
Indignant champ the Bitt, and mock at Fear;

Rush chafing on, beneath their Patterns tread
Whole Ranks of living Foes, whole Ranks of Dead.
Amidst the chearful Scene aloft in Air
On yonder Hill a Swain the Prey of Care
Lo, penfive lies, no more can take Delight
In Views that oft till now amus'd his Sight.
Tyrannic Love has banniſh'd all his Joys,
Dooms Him to fell Deſpair, his Peace deſtroys.
In dol'rous Notes deſponding He complains,
While Echo ſympathizing ſwells the Strains.
" Ye heav'nly Pow'rs, tell whence th' amazing Change;
" Serene along my Fields I us'd to range;
" And, while I view'd the glorious Landſkip round,
" Peculiar Pleaſure from each Object found.
" No galling Thoughts annoy'd my careleſs Breaſt,
" Perfect Tranquillity my Soul poſſeſs'd;
" Or when my Crops were reap'd, or Grain was ſown,
" The Cattle fodder'd, or the Meadows mown.
" In Turn, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, came;
" Me happy found, and left Me ſtill the ſame.
" Pleaſing the Care, diverting was the Toil,
" To fence the Fields, or to reform the Soil.
" To plan the Garden, or to plant the Grove,
" A ſmall Demeſne and humble Cot improve.
" And oft th' Hiſtorian's entertaining Page
" Amus'd at Eve; and oft th' inſtructive Sage,
" Or lofty Bard, gave rational Delight;
" Oft heav'nly Precepts taught Me what is right.
" Thus all my Days on downy Pinions flew,
" Anxiety my Manſion never knew.

" At

" At length, O Heav'ns! I saw the blooming Fair,
" And fell a Prey to Love and to Despair.
" No more, alas! my former Pastimes please
" The drooping Mind, no more my Soul's at Ease:
" No Skill can paint the Beauties of her Face,
" Her captivating Form, Angelic Grace.
" Whene'er She sings, e'en Cherubs bow the Ear,
" And all the Pow'rs of Heav'n delighted hear;
" Her Notes melodious made my Soul rebound,
" My Heartstrings trembled at th' enchanting Sound.
" Doubly her Captives those who hear and see,
" Great Love has shot his ev'ry Dart in Me.
" Beauty and Voice and Complaisance conspire
" To kill my Peace, and set my Heart on Fire:
" So affable her Manner, and so kind,
" Love brib'd my Reason to betray my Mind.
" Each Sentiment, each Pastime, She approves,
" To all consents—except to fly She loves.
" Dear cruel Angel, while so much you grant,
" You only that deny that's all I want.
" While you refuse this dear, this sole Request,
" You mar the Joy I reap from all the rest.
" In Thee my Soul is wrapt, and only Thee;
" No other Charmer has a Charm for Me.
" And O, could You to me alone be fair,
" Unpriz'd by Others, I should know no Care.
" I'd raise no Envy, and I'd make no Noise,
" He's wise who to Himself preserves his Joys.
" Thus blest I'd live in some sequester'd Grove,
" Where human Creature yet ne'er learnt to rove.

" In Care you'd Comfort, Light in Darkneſs be,
" And in a Deſart all the World to Me.
" Should Heav'n ſend down a Miſtreſs to thy Swain,
" In vain She'd come, a *Venus* come in vain.
" O, fly, my Fair, while Life is in its Prime;
" 'Tis now Love's Seaſon, let's embrace the Time.
" Amidſt a Group of beauteous Girls and Boys,
" Let's taſte connubial and parental Joys;
" So may we live to rear the tender Plants,
" Inform their Youth, and obviate all their Wants.
" While Health is ours, and bounteous Friends ſurvive,
" We may exulting ſee their Fortunes thrive.
" Nor think, my Fair, a Mother you muſt leave,
" Let Me a Parent with a Bride receive.
" Remorſeleſs Charmer, you will ne'er comply,
" And loving truly I deſponding die!
" O were it mine a noble End to meet,
" In bravely daring ſome Heroic Feat!
" Not Death I fear, but grudge to die unknown,
" And grieve leaſt Fate inglorious bear Me down.
" Avaunt, avaunt, dull Peace; now I'm on Fire,
" Let War ſtill rage, and let a Wretch expire.
" Adieu, my Flocks; neglected Flocks, adieu!
" Myſelf no longer I regard, nor You!"—
Ah, ſimple Swain! indulge thy Bane no more,
No more thy ill-requited Flame deplore:
Th' emollient Paſſion from thy Soul remove,
Submit not to the Lethargy of Love:
Effeminacy's Parent of thy Care;
Love's Indolence; Inſanity, Deſpair.

Lo,

Lo, peaceful Fiſhermen, in Queſt of Food,
Launch their light Cockboats on the Cryſtal Flood;
In harmleſs Toil enjoy the pleaſant Day,
And crouded Nets the harmleſs Toil repay,
While We a Pattern in their Prudence ſee,
Of what a Neighbour and a Friend ſhould be.
When Each entruſts his long-experienc'd Boat,
And on the Boſom of the Stream They float;
True to their Charge, the Boats their Pilots keep,
In the rough Dangers of the ruffled Deep:
Their little Wherries now Protection want
From Wind and Sun; They grateful Shelter grant;
The Cocks that bore them on the Flood, They bear
In Turn o'er Land their little Homes to ſhare;
And with a kind Return of Good at Night,
The faithful Service of the Day requite.—
Oft 'midſt the Sport, with Wonder We ſurvey
Cat'racts abrupt blockade the Salmon's Way;
Swift to their Mouth the flexile Tail They bend,
Elaſtic vault, and each Caſcade aſcend;
In flying Circles They aloft appear,
Expreſſive Emblems of the rolling Year.—
Here all ſhews ſmiling like a Summer's Day,
And youthful Spring dreſt in the Pride of *May*.
Yet *Golden Grove* ſmiles ſad, and gaily lowers,
As vernal Suns that ſhine thro' *April* Showers.
Her ſacred Hills with ſolemn Woods were crown'd;
Their Woods are gone, diſmantled lies the Ground:
Of holy Druids once the rev'rend Shrine,
Who from the Bark cropt Miſletoe divine

For

For pious Rites; the conſecrated Scene
No ſharpen'd Tool unhallow'd durſt profane.
Vain Superſtition, hence! no Shades conceal,
But Noontide Rays to Man his Lord reveal;
Nor gloomy Foreſts limit his Domain,
Thro' all the Realms of Space extends his Reign:
A living Temple is his choice Abode,
Reaſon's his Image, and declares the God—
Mourn not, anon We view th' ennobled Trees,
That Mountains late adorn'd, adorn the Seas.
Old *Ida's* Tops, once awful with its Woods,
Low'r'd on the Vales, and nodded o'er the Floods:
Lo, good *Eneas* hew'd the Foreſt down,
While *Até's* Mountains from their Bowels groan;
Till on the ſwelling Boſom of the Tide
They view their new-fal'n Groves triumphant ride:
Then bleſs the Chief by whoſe divine Command
Their Pines at Sea look nobler than on Land,
So fall thy Oaks, more gloriouſly to riſe,
Wide Ocean rule, with Banners brave the Skies.
Thus *Or'cles* bid fam'd *Athens* erſt encloſe
Her Sons in Wooden Walls to face her Foes:
Into the Main All boldly launch their Fleet,
And there the countleſs Pow'rs of *Perſia* beat.
Mourn not thy Glades; a deadlier Wound deplore;
Thy venerable Manſion ſtands no more.
Our ſecond-ſighted *Britiſh* Bards of old,
Foreſaw the Blow, and ſad Preſages told,
"Thy ancient Lords," They ſung, "muſt yield to New,
"When falls the Pine-tree that beſide thee grew."

The

The lofty Pine, that grew beside Thee, falls;
Thy ancient Lords no more rejoice thy Walls.
They ſung, "Thou into vulgar Duſt ſhalt drop,
"What Time the Houſe Lamb mounts the Turret's Top:
"What Time the long-dumb Tow'r Clock wounds the Ear,
"Lawleſs and preternat'ral; Ruin fear.
"High as Thou art, Thou ſoon ſhalt be as low,
"And to thy Baſis undiſtinguiſh'd bow;
"Thy proud Saloons, where frequent Nobles dine,
"Muſt ſhelter wither'd Hags and grunting Swine."
The Houſe Lamb to the Turret winds his Way,
The lawleſs Tow'r Clock ſounds thy ſwift Decay:
Deſtruction hears th' Alarm, and gives the Blow;
While Tears adown the mournful Mountains flow;
While Tears ſtream big from *Towy's* ſorrowing Eye,
Who ſlow moves melancholy murm'ring by.
E'en ſtubborn Fate reluctant ſigns thy Doom,
So noble is the Spoil it muſt conſume.
Ruin prevails! the Flames remorſeleſs ſeize
The hapleſs Seat; it mounts into a Blaze,
Rich Furniture and ſtately Chambers all
Waſte in the Fire, and into Aſhes fall;
Where the Hall ſtood, at length in Cottage low,
An antiquated Beldam feeds her Sow.
Yet for this Downfall You no more complain,
Since from the Ground You bravely tow'r again;
Like the rare Phœnix from your Cinders riſe,
Look gay, as erſt, beyond all Hope ſurprize
The Sight, while We from *Penregraig* behold
The New Pile rear'd, a Mon'ment of the old.—

So

So may the Woods (O let not rambling Droves
Deſtructive triumph o'er thy humbled Groves!)
So may thy Woods their vaniſh'd Shade repair,
Revive the Trav'ler's Eye, and ſpread in Air;
The riſing Glory of the Mountain's Side,
And in ſome unborn Age the Terror of the Tide.

Grongar aſpiring o'er th' enamel'd Plains
We ſing not; Theme of *Dyer's* melting Strains.
Muſe, dart thy Ken along the golden Scene,
Far as the diſtant Margin of the Main:
Like ſome mock Fortreſs pendent from the Sky,
Loventium wonderfully greets the Eye:
With noble Scorn o'erlooks th' ambitious Wave,
That ſwells to ſee her Tow'rs old Ocean brave:
While far below She views with ſilent Pride
Her awful Image floating on the Tide;
Till in the Sea *Sol* haſt'ning to be loſt,
Decks with a Phantom Fort the opp'ſite Coaſt,
And lo, *Langynnor*, leering o'er the Vale,
Portrays a Scene t' adorn romantic Tale!
Yet more than all the Beauties of its Sight,
Its former Treaſure gives the Mind Delight:
Is there a Heart that can't Affliction feel
For Lands ſo rich as once to boaſt a *Steele*;
Who, warm for Freedom, and with Virtue fraught,
His Country dearly lov'd, and greatly taught;
Whoſe Morals pure the pureſt Style convey,
T' inſtruct his *Britain* till the laſt of Days?
Still, *Pentygraig*, one glorious Theme remains,
To cloſe the noble Scene, and crown my Strains.

Low

Low at thy Base see *Abergwilly* lies;
Humble her Piles, her Fame attains the Skies.
Here old *Minevia's* mitred Fathers dwell,
Devout and blest as *Adam* ere He fell.
Long has the venerable Palace stood
On the green Border of the ambient Flood:
The ambient Flood smiles on the hallow'd Seat,
And plays enamourd, while it bathes her Feet:
How imperceptibly, with stealing Pace,
Gentle and still, it ling'ring leaves the Place,
As silent as a Maid; the Place it leaves,
But backward courteous winds its doating Waves:
So a fond Swain reluctant quits the Fair,
Am'rous returns, and doubts th' enlighten'd Air:
Till in the painted East He owns the Day,
And the young Morn forbids a longer Stay.
Thus *Towy's* Tides, compell'd by Nature's Hand,
At last for ever lose the sacred Land;
Successive Tides meand'ring intervene,
Loit'ring in sinuous Volumes round the Scene.
Too fatal Love, pernicious in its Joys;
When closest the Embrace, it most destroys!
As round the Meads th' encroaching Waters play,
Th' enchanting Meads They hourly waste away.
Th' enraptur'd Youth thus woos the blooming Fair,
The Charms on which He lives He cannot spare;
And blasts the Object of his fond Desires,
Which by the Love it animates expires.
Tedious to count each Prelate good and great,
That grac'd thro' ev'ry Age this calm Retreat.

Yet

Yet pious *Ferrar* claims my grateful Lays,
Nor mine alone, but ev'ry *Briton's* Praise.
Th' extenſive Scene We from thy Brow deſcry,
Oft, *Pentregraig*, amus'd the Martyr's Eye.
When cruel *Mary* ſtretch'd her iron Hand,
In Popiſh Night to reinſtate the Land;
Intent to ſow *Rome's* Bigotry in Blood,
And Proteſtants extirpate—if She cou'd.
Ferrar or with her Doctrine muſt comply,
Or, daring to profeſs a better, die.
"No Death," He cried, "my conſtant Faith can kill;
"I'll keep the Truth, deſtroy Me as Ye will:
"Sinleſs I'll fall, ſince fall or ſin I muſt,
"Heav'n judge the Deed! In Thee, juſt Heaven, I truſt."
Broiling amidſt the Flames ſerene He ſtood,
Religion's Prop, Aſſertor of his God.
Thus your brave Champion, old *Minevia*, fell;
By *Romiſh* Zealots, Advocates of Hell.
His learn'd Succeſſors milder Stars befriend,
Peaceful the Prelate's Life, and calm his End.
No more our Paſtors Papal Fury fear,
Their Flock is now their pleaſing, only Care.
With Glory crown'd, They ſpend their happy Days,
In Schemes of Good; and Heav'n the Good repays;
Yet, thus at Eaſe, old *Pentregraig*, to You
They deign to climb, thy gilded Scenes to view;
And, muſing on the Story We relate,
Revere their Predeceſſor's awful Fate;
Extol his Virtue, while his Pangs They moan,
And wiſh his glorious Triumph was their own.

But

But I my Country greet from Tyrants free,
Bleſt under *George*, if We the Bleſſing ſee.
Tho' from the martyr'd Prelate's Loins I came,
For *Britain's* Sake I covet not his Fame.
O may I ne'er aſpire at glorious Deeds,
If, when I Honour win, my Country bleeds:
Yet, if 'tis mine, with her ill Fate to feel
The bitter Edge of Perſecution's Steel;
May'ſt thou, good *Ferrar*, then complacent ſee
Thy meaneſt Offspring dare to follow Thee;
Reſolve undaunted for his Faith to die,
Thro' glowing Flame ſeek Immortality;
When threats the Stake, and kindling Faggots hiſs,
So wilt Thou own thy Son, and welcome Him to Bliſs.
My gen'rous *Cambrians*, bleſt in Site and Clime,
T' indulgent Prov'dence grateful flow the Rhime.
While We aloft contemplative ſurvey
Refracted Suns ſtretch horizontal Day;
Convinc'd, let's Heav'n's Munificence diſplay.
The Polar Regions, buried elſe in Night,
Diminiſh'd Darkneſs know, continued Light;
While ev'ry Product varied Seaſons loves,
And Change the Glebe's Fecundity improves.
The Solar Warmth reflected from our Hills,
The Froſt congenial to our Climate kills:
And maddeſt Storms th' unequal Land reſtrains,
That unreſiſted ranſack boundleſs Plains.
What Time the Whirlwind at th' Almighty Nod
Summons th' exulting Waves t' attend their God,
Each Summit rough t' unphiloſophic Eye
Arreſts the lab'ring Veh'cles of the Sky;

As They th' *Atlantic* Salts and Vapours bear,
From the prolific Main, to land Them here;
To quench the conſtant Thirſt of ſloping Fields;
And what from Heav'n They lack, the Mountain yields:
Perpetual Springs, to give what Air denies,
Thro' capillary Ducts attractive riſe:
Which Hinds induſtrious with ſucceſsful Toil
Thro' Trenches guide, to fertilize the Soil;
Who ſave Manure in Reſervoirs below,
Waſh'd from the ſhelving Channels of the Plough.
While each huge Maſs, our Wonder to command,
Huſbands the Climate, and augments the Land;
Within their Wombs Diluvian Marks We trace,
When heav'nly Wrath purſued our guilty Race:
For pond'rous Stones oft down the Mountain's Side
Suggeſt the rocky Bed where Metals hide;
Or trickling Riv'lets, ſtealing thro' the Hills,
Stream from the precious Veins in om'nous Rills;
While the vaſt Heights indulge inteſtine Drains,
T' allure th' internal Waters to the Plains—
Th' Almighty Architect demands our Lays,
Let's join, the great Oeconomiſt to praiſe:
Who, while ſo much Man to his Bounty owes,
Permits Us to perceive what He beſtows.

NOTES.

NOTES.

Ver. 7. The Hill, which presents the following Prospect, has two Summits, like the famed *Parnassus*. The whole Mountain bears no particular Name: but one of its Summits, which is crowned with an old Encampment, is called *Merlin's Mount*; because that illustrious Genius, who, by his uncommon Progress in Science, was in those superstitious Times regarded as more than human, delighted to frequent it, on account of the Prospect; as *Carmarthen* signifies his Town, being his native Place: the other Summit is called *Keven Pebble*, *Pentigraig*, or *Pengraig*, that is, *The Head of the Rock*, is only Part of the Latter: but the Name, being significant, is here used, *pars pro toto*; as the Place, belonging to the Writer's Ancestors, occasioned the Poem.

Ver. 28. *Nant Peuharn*, a private and difficult Ford, but an Inlet into *S. Wales*. *Merlin* knew the other Passes, formidable to Invaders, because liable to Ambushes from the adjacent Mountains. The Complexion is correspondent to the Genius; which, in *H.* II, was bold and inquisitive. That some attained great Skill in Physiognomy, we learn

from *Socrates*, accuſed thence of Drunkenneſs, his natural Turn, though conquered by Philoſophy.

Ver. 31. Many Particulars, reputed the Effects of Magic and Sorcery in the Ages of Ignorance and Superſtition, (which were thoſe of Popery and Prieſtcraft; for inſtance, ſee the Trumpery the Pen of our florid *Gyrald Barry* palmed on the Credulity of the World in thoſe Times,) are juſt, though far-fetched, Concluſions from clear Premiſes. Thus *Merlin*, at that diſtant Period, foreſaw the growing Power of Popery; that the Prieſts not only blinded the Vulgar, and made them ſubſervient to their Views even of reducing Sovereigns under the Papal Yoke; but filled Crowned Heads with Superſtition, to ſway the Sceptre, and advance their own Intereſts: that they drew Kings to *Rome* in Purſuit of a Spiritual Crown, while they might enjoy the Temporal; And whenever they perſuaded a Prince to renounce worldly Grandeur, it would be to introduce a Succeſſor more in their Intereſts than a true *Briton* and Lover of his Country would ſubmit to be. A Stranger ſupported by them was likelieſt to enthral the Realm.—By limiting the Uſurpation to *Cadwallader*'s Return, he ſignifies the Improbability of the *Britiſh* Sceptre's being recovered by any of the Blood Royal of *Britain*: Once, *Rome* had Influence enough to induce a King to abdicate his Crown; She'd take effectual Care to prevent a Reſumption. Though indeed by *Cadwallader*'s Return from *Rome*, may be ſignified a *Britiſh* Prince who ſhould ſhake off the Pope's Shackles, which *H.* VIII. ſucceſsfully did.

Ver.

Ver. 116. Should there be a new Survey of Lands in a Country of ſo little Trade as *Wales*, for a ſtrict Poundage (which is injurious at this Day; for theſe Lands, however improved ſince the firſt Taxation, are leaſed but at their utmoſt Worth, and the Taxes generally put on the Tenant; and Charges for younger Children, Annuities and Mortgages in numberleſs Inſtances, on them, as high as they can poſſibly bear; that an additional Tax will reduce them below the Value of the Incumbrances on them:) This will ruin both Landlord and Tenant. The Public, likewiſe, would receive a mortal Blow. The Price of the Product of theſe Lands would be of Courſe ſo advanced, that the *Engliſh* Markets could only be ſupplied at a moſt extravagant Rate: For the only Reaſon why Cattle can be bought in *Wales* to ſupply *England*, and quit the Expences of the Journey, is the Difference of Land Aſſeſſment. But the Advance of Rents and Proviſions is ever to be guarded againſt by Government; as that, if not obviated, will be the Downfall of the State; for, Labour advancing neceſſarily as Proviſions do, Manufactures become too dear for Exportation, maugre all Aſſertions to the contrary.—The beſt Remedy for this is, to erect public Granaries in Hundreds, to buy in Corn when under a certain Price, to be ſold out under due Regulations when above it: This would pay the Farmer in Times of Plenty, by taking off the Superfluity, for his Loſs by keeping the Price low in Time of Scarcity: The public Granaries of *Rome* were long the Bulwark of the Republic. In the mean time, Millers ſhould be prevented from being Emiſſaries to Farm Houſes for Corn; which ſhould always, both wholeſale and otherwiſe,

be bought in open Market. This might only coſt a Farmer, or his Servant, Attendance once a Fortnight; a Trouble to Individuals not comparable to the public Benefit: And the Laws ſhould be enforced againſt the Foreſtallers and Practices of the Cleaver-men.

Ver. 148. Unnatural as it is that there ſhould be Wretches ſo deſtitute of Humanity; at *Lisbon*, when the deſtroying Earthquake and its fearful Train viſited that miſerable Place, and the Inhabitants fled their Walls, there were even then Villains ſo abandoned as to think that formidable Scene a ſeaſonable Opportunity to acquire Plunder.

Ver. 265. *Henry* VII, whoſe Son's Laws extend to *Wales*.

Ver. 294. This Country introduced the new-conſtructed Roads, and other public-ſpirited Works, into *Wales*: Their Example has provoked a Spirit of Emulation among their Neighbours.

Ver. 347. We have now the Pleaſure of ſeeing a propitious Dawning of the Arts and Sciences Weſtward of the *Brecknockſhire* Hills.

Ver. 363. This Town, ſituate on a moſt pleaſant Peninſula, is ſaid to have been built by the *Spaniards*, for the Sake of carrying on a Woolen Manufactory; and, perhaps, tranſporting Wool before they were ſupplied with the *Cotſwold* Sheep. In the 12th Century it was burnt by a *Welſh* Force, and probably never recovered itſelf; and this may be a Reaſon of their loſing their Fiſhing Trade.—Queen *Elizabeth* repaired the Walls; and judged it more ſuitable to be fortified, for the Protection of Trade, than *Milford*; though

though not so convenient for careening large Ships. It is one of the finest Places in the World for Sea-bathing; and, being elevated above Sea-fogs, on a dry Lime-stone, is extremely healthy; its sandy Shores being likewise free from all stagnate Mud, or other moist Filth whatever: the adjoining Country elevated, dry, and free from Fens and Morasses. Besides Natural Advantages, it has this Political one, that, by reason of several charitable Benefactions, there are no Parochial Charges on the Inhabitants.

Ver. 397. Here *Virgil*, in Spite of all his Judgement, falls short of his *Grecian* Father, who never stops the Celestial Gates to Prayer.

Ver. 399. Though *Virgil* names the Four Cardinal Points in the same Piece, he does not say those several Winds blew at once; but in Storms, it is usual for the Wind to traverse almost the whole Compass before it subsides.

Ver. 462. *Rodric Howel's* Ancestor was styled the Great; *Howel*, the Good.—*H.* VII. who was of the House of *Lancaster*, married *Ed.* IV's Daughter. He was fond of his *Welsh* Descent; the Fidelity and Affection of the *Welsh*, probably on this Account, principally secured him the Crown of *England*.

Ver. 512. A. D. 1758.

Ver. 528. *George* II. then on the Throne.

Ver. 554. There is nothing more in this Picture, than a Supposition of an Event at this Juncture, which happens frequently at other Times. Indeed, if Nature was capable of such Sensations, nothing would be more likely to occa-

ſion them, than an infatuated People deſolating their Mother-Country.

Ver. 730. They diſengage their Tails, to cauſe a ſudden and violent Bound; but their Elaſticity forms a Hoop, in a reverſe Poſition.

Ver. 734. A noble Seat and Eſtate of the Lord *Carbury's*, the Dukes of *Bolton*, and now *Vaughans*.

Ver. 753. Ancient Name of *Ida*; v. *Lynebrin*.

Ver. 760. The Superſtition of the People was ſo great, they undertook nothing without conſulting Oracles; who, probably, were in the Intereſt of Government, and gave Anſwers agreeable to their Meaſures; which commonly ſucceeded, through the Confidence they were undertaken with, more than through any Divine Influence; as they might be directed only by Miniſterial Prudence. And when the Event was very doubtful, the Oracle made Uſe of equivocal Terms, as,

"Aio Te Gentem Romanam vincere poſſe."

Ver. 810. The ancient Name of *Lanſtephan*; ariſing from the Conflux of ſeveral Rivers, whoſe Streams unite juſt below that Place, where they are loſt in the Sea.

Ver. 850. The *Teivy*, as it happens to Serpentine Rivers, by its Courſe waſtes the Property of ſome Perſons, while it confers no Advantage to others, leaving a Beach of Stones, while it converts on the other Hand into its Bed the fineſt Meadow imaginable. The following Method, duly attended to, prevents this Misfortune; which, if not obviated, will not only waſte the Soil, but deſtroy the Palace:

The

The Water, doubling the Point A, is there thrown againſt the oppoſite Bank B; which it gradually ſaps; that, in Time, the Channel between B and F will remove between E and G. At C then, where the Water begins to exert its Force on the endamaged Bank, which is perceived by the Depth and Strength of the Current, fix ſtrong Piles, and wattle them as ſecurely as poſſible, lining them with Stones, Buſhes, &c. This do oblique to the Bank and Courſe of the Stream, down the River; and where the Current is ſtrongeſt, let the Fence be moſt ſloping: So at the Turning, D D.

Ver. 864. It may not be amiſs here to touch on the Errors of Popery, which ſhed ſo much Blood through theſe Realms, till the glorious *Elizabeth* authorized the Reformation.

mation. Supposing the Disputes respected only Rites and formal Matters; the Papist is secure under the Protestant Toleration: It is otherwise under them, who breathe Persecution and Damnation; which proves them not the meek and charitable Flock of *Christ*, whose Spirit is not to persecute, and whose certain Doom for a Time was to be persecuted: "Come to Me," says our gracious Redeemer, "all Ye who labour; for I am meek and lowly in Heart." And when his Disciples would resent the *Samaritan* Inhospitality, "Ye know not what Manner of Spirit Ye are of." Supposing Papists never so right, and their Rulers infallible, which however numberless Facts disprove, Charity to human Errors is laudable: "He that is not against us, is on our Part." If They are wrong, and treated after their own Measure, their Practice may be their Condemnation; for, judging others, they will themselves be judged. Papal Supremacy, even in Spirituals, is contrary to the Word, "the least shall be as the greatest;" for though each Bishop be superior to the other Ministers of his particular Flock for Order sake; yet the Apostles shewed us, Matters relative to the whole Church should not be directed by a particular Chief, but decided in a General Council; wherein, though different Degrees of Dignity, none of Power. As to Temporal Authority, "What is *Cæsar's*, render to *Cæsar*." Their Rule, even in their own Diocese, must be according to the Rule of Christ; not after their Will, but the Word, the genuine Word; not as They have corrupted it, but as it is originally pure and really infallible. The Church of *Rome* is no more *Peter's*, when it errs from the Gospel, than *Peter* was Himself infallible when He stood in need of

a Repri-

Reprimand from *Paul*, for equivocating toward the *Gentiles*. If Adoration of the Hoſt be not equal to the groſſeſt Idolatry the Pagans were ever guilty of, becauſe They at leaſt believed the Images without any Tranſformation, were real Gods; while the Papiſts, againſt the Evidence of their Senſes, hold the Bread no longer Bread, but the divine *Chriſt*, who, ſo far from being liable to be eaten by Men, and even Vermin, is impaſſive, immortal, and glorified eternally in Heaven.

Who left the World, and whom the Heavens receiv'd
Yet all Day long muſt die, and daily bleed:
Nay, more, to give the God Exceſs of Pain,
He all Day dies, and daily bleeds in Vain. *Con. ex.* 1.

Yet, in the firſt Stage of Idolatry, their Images were regarded as meer Images; and being fancied Emblems of the Divine Attributes, ſerved to repreſent Them; till their Blindneſs and Propenſity to Sin made them incapable of diſtinguiſhing between the Creature and the Creator. How near are Papiſts to this! The Ignorance in which the Prieſts train up the Laity has been able, with reſpect to the Hoſt, to perfect this Branch of Religion. Though our Saviour foreſaw, and obviated it, for ſaying, "I am the Bread of Life. Who comes to Me ſhall never hunger." Again, "Your Fathers eat Manna, and died. Who eats this Bread ſhall live for ever." This being plainly figurative, it was explained by Him in that Light preſently; "It is the Spirit that quickneth, the Fleſh avails nothing." If it nought avails, where is the Neceſſity of its continual Interpoſition; nay, of there being as many Chriſts as Communicants?

municants? Can Truth lie, or Wisdom act foolishly? So *Christ* bid Them, "Do This in Remembrance of Me," not to eat Him, even before his Sacrifice, any more than He eat Himself. Communion in one Kind is contrary to the Institution; St. *Mark* tells us, they all drank of the Cup. Works of Supererogation, are presumptuous even in Angels; who are imperfect, and cannot, nor dare affect to be righteous over-much: It is to substitute somewhat else for the true Terms of Salvation; it is to offer a Stone, when Bread is requested: Thus Pilgrimages, Prayers for the Dead out of Purgatory, and Invocation of Saints, "Our Fellow Servants," *Rev.* xix. are no where commenanced, but countermanded, *Colos.* ii. 18. which appoints Faith in *Christ* only, and expresses the Works required of us: And as to Purgatory, *Christ* tells the Penitent Thief, "To-day shalt Thou be with Me in Paradise;" speaking agreeably to the Omnipresence of the Divine Nature; and thus consistently with his Human Expiation in the State of Woe. Images, Beads, Corporal Penance, Ashes on *Ash-Wednesday*, Palms on *Palm-Sunday*, Tapers at *Candlemas*, creeping to the Cross, kissing the Pix, holy Creed, holy Water, and holy Bread, are all idle and unwarrantable Pageantry: *Christ* came to banish the typical Forms of the *Mosaic* Dispensation, suitable to a People educated in the Land of Hieroglyphics, the Shadows and Harbingers of good Things to come; and substitute a Devotion solid, spiritual, cordial, and rational: They traverse his Measures, and relapse into empty Ceremony and unjustifiable Parade. Though Mortification of Appetite is good, Abstinence from certain Meats at set Seasons is not appointed. Though

Chastity

Chaſtity is beautiful, Celibacy of Prieſts is far from being enforced. "In the latter Times, ſome ſhall depart from the Faith, giving Heed to ſeducing Spirits, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abſtain from Meats." 1 *Tim.* iv. Baptiſm and the Euchariſt are the only Sacraments in Scripture. Prayers in an unknown Tongue, is ſhutting up the Door of Heaven, which Prayer is the Key to, but can be only managed effectually by the Underſtanding. 1 *Cor.* xiv. 5. to 28. Their Relics and Miracles are horrid Juggles, palpable, ridiculous, and impious Impoſitions. *Matt.* xxiv. 24. Communicating by Proxy cannot be attended with perſonal Penitence and Faith. That Maſs has *Chriſt's* Virtue, and is Abſolution of itſelf, is untrue; as Pardon is conditional: *Chriſt*, not the Maſs, is the Propitiation for Sins. Selling of Pardons (even previous to the Crimes) and Indulgences, is ſelling the Devil, decoying Souls into Hell, and tricking us of Wealth, both temporal and eternal. Are theſe holy Factors ſecure of their own Pardons, while they ſet up for Stock-jobbers of Heavenly Mercy; or rather are they certain that Heaven is only a Fable, while they treat it as nothing elſe?

Ver. 907. Refraction, which is Inflection from the Surface of a denſe Medium toward the Perpendicular, amounts generally, in our Latitude, to Two Degrees of the Sun's Courſe; and about Twenty Degrees farther North, to no leſs than Eight. How great then muſt it be at the Poles, where the Air is condenſed to the higheſt Pitch? The Sun there, at Mid-winter, is Twenty-three Degrees and an Half below the Horizon: But as the Solar Rays may be refracted from Six or Seven Degrees below the Horizon,

to

to the Earth's Surface, they were far from entirely deſerting that Atmoſphere; as they leave not ours till Sixteen Degrees beneath the Point whence they are refracted to the Face of the Earth. Nay, often from Windows toward the North, I have ſeen the Solar refracted Light at Midnight proceeding Eaſtward: And the Northern Lights, ſuch as are ſtrictly ſo, ſeem to be only Refractions of Sunbeams glancing upward from the ſubterranean Sun. There are Two Sorts of Lights that bear the Name of *Aurora Borealis*; active Corruſcations; and a dull, ſettled Light: The former are a Species of Meteors, cauſed by the upper Current of Air flowing from the Equator, and acting electrically on the lower Region of Air; when theſe vibrate and brandiſh with great Velocity, it beſpeaks Wind; though ſometimes it does not happen where we are: The dull, ſettled Light, is the Refraction of the ſolar Light, by a thick, labouring Atmoſphere; whence generally Rain, though not always where the Spectator is: This ſick, whitiſh Light, happens, either when ſolar Rays falling on the Earth, and reflected thence, or ſweeping along the Earth's Surface as Tangents where the Sun is horizontal, through a clear Sky, and paſſing on, are reflected by a thick, dirty Atmoſphere, they afterwards meet with; or elſe are incident on, and refracted by, ſuch a foul Atmoſphere at firſt. Through the Purity of the Air on ſome Nights, we ſee no ſuch Lights, becauſe there are not a ſufficient Quantity of either aqueous or nitrous Particles floating therein to reflect the Light, which paſſes them unperceived. That the Northern Lights I now ſpeak of are refracted Sunbeams, appears from their being higher in Summer,

Summer, when the Sun does not ſink ſo far below our Horizon. At Mid-winter, their Elevation, unleſs by repeated Reflections, would not be ſo high as the North Star by Twenty-three Degrees and an Half; and by no means viſible to Us: for, though a Star is viſible to us much more than Twenty-Three Degrees and an Half lower on our Meridian than the Pole Star, yet an Appearance in the Atmoſphere perpendicularly under ſuch Star would not reach our View, as the Height of the Air bears no ſuch Proportion to the Curvity of ſo large a Portion of the Globe. Sailors in a S. Latitude ſee Lights from the South; and under the Line, from both Poles, about the Equinoxes: At other Times they prevail to the N. or S. according to the Sun's Latitude. Snow, likewiſe, in a dark Night, reflects great Light; which ſhews Refraction and Reflection is not ſo limited as may be imagined. This providential Refraction and Reflection accounts for Navigators finding the Sun's continual Stay above the Horizon, when in the Northern Signs, leſs Northerly than expected, better than the ſuppoſed Spheroïdity of the Earth; which ſeems to want Proof, whatever Analogy may be pretended from uncertain Obſervations, perhaps affected by Refraction: For, as to Pendulums requiring to be ſhorter at Approach to the Equator, the Centrifugal Force (though perhaps greatly counteracted by the direct Impulſe of the elaſtic Ether, ſhot from the Sun perpendicularly on the Earth) accounts for this neceſſary Alteration; owing to a direct Action and increaſed Radius of this Force: For the Centrifugal Force is properly an Axifugal; and the Radius thereof in our Latitude ſcarce equals Two-Thirds of the Earth's Semi-

diameter;

diameter: Whereas, Seventeen Miles, ariſing from the ſuppoſed Spheroïdity, added to a Radius of Four Thouſand, does not ſeem to bear any ſuch Proportion as manifeſtly to affect Gravity; for, if this ſmall Increaſe of Radius would cauſe a ſenſible Difference, the Difference of Gravity in our Latitude, and at the Equator, would on the Whole be much greater than it appears to be.—That the Sea does not riſe to a great Height under the Line, ſo as to overflow the Continent, if we ſuppoſe the Earth ſpherical, through the Diminution of Gravity, may be owing to the Impreſſion of the Solar Effluvia perpendicularly incident. The ſame happens to the Air; an upper Current of which, from the Line toward the Poles, is now allowed; but for this, the Height of the Air would be ſo great, that the Twilight would be perpetual.

Ver. 913. Reflection is the grand Source of Day and Night, and of the various Seaſons, not to ſay all the Mechanical Motion of Nature; the Cauſe both of the Earth's diurnal and annual Revolution. The Sun rarifies the Atmoſphere by the Earth's Reflection, on that Side where it directly acts; and occaſions the Earth to preponderate from the Weſt continually, Night cauſing a greater Condenſation in that Quarter. But, during its daily Courſe, the Northern Hemiſphere, conſiſting of a greater Quantity of high and dry Land, cauſes a greater Ratefaction; by which Means the Southern Hemiſphere preponderates gradually to that Quarter of the Heavens; till by this Direction the Sun croſſing the Equator proceeds in its ſpiral Courſe to the Southern Hemiſphere; till the Atmoſphere appending to that Side of the Globe, being rarified in its Turn, begins to

be

be equipoiſed at firſt, occaſioning a Solſtice, and by Degrees overbalanced reciprocally by the now more and more condenſed North; and thus in alternate and perpetual Succeſſion: Yet with this Difference; that the North, conſiſting more of Continent than the South, is more ponderous, and is Four Days extraordinary before it is equipoiſed by the South; which in its Turn the North biaſſes Four Days ſooner than ordinary, making both Ways a Difference of Eight Days. And the Earth approaches neareſt to the Sun at the Southern Solſtice, owing to a leſs Rarefaction (ſo that the Southern Summer, though the Earth is then nearer the Sun, is not ſo warm as the Northern, as well for this Reaſon, as for its ſhorter Duration, and a longer Winter annually, heightened alſo by the Remoteneſs of the Sun) through Diſproportion of Continent; by which Means the intermediate Æther between the Earth and Sun does not acquire its proper Tone of Elaſticity and Repulſion (which keeps the Earth in its Orbit, and prevents it from being abſorbed by the Sun, while the external Æther ſuperior to its Orbit, drawn toward the Earth and Sun by Rarefaction, compreſſes and reſtrains it within Bounds on the other Hand); till more compreſſed and rendered more elaſtic by a ſtronger Reflection ariſing from a nearer Approach of the Earth to that Luminary, which is the fluctuating Rendezvous of the moſt refined, volatile, and elaſtic of the Elements concentering there with an incredible Velocity, and through its Elaſticity (acted on by the Preſs of ſucceeding Streams) repulſed again through all Nature, cauſing all the Motion and Alteration in the other Elements, if really different Elements, and not Compounds of one ſimple

Principle, attracted and knit differently together by Figures variously corresponding: *Attracting* them thro' Rarefaction, arising from the Reflection of Heat from their mutual oppoſite Surfaces, the intermediate Air being thereby expanded, diſſipated, and making leſs Reſiſtance to the Compreſſion of the external ſurrounding Ether; Gravity and other Attraction bearing the ſame Proportion to Diſtance as Heat does: Thus Sea-waters aſcend, the interjacent Air being expanded, and its Preſſure diminiſhed by the Reflection of the approaching Cloud and of the Ocean; and if you term this Electricity, I agree. *Repelling* them in Proportion to their Denſity (the Permeation being the leſs, and the Reſiſtance the greater), through Elaſticity, which is the Impulſe of intervening Ether, in ſome Caſes returning whence it had been extruded, as when a Bladder has been compreſſed, or a Bell vibrates; in others foreign Ether flowing in through Rarefaction. *Pervading* them irriſiſtibly, cauſing Magnetiſm and Electricity; and reflected and mutually repulſed by them, and bandied to and fro, through the Univerſe, furniſhing Light and Heat by its ſubtle Penetration and Activity that ſuffers no Decay: excepting arbitrary Events, being the grand Mover and univerſal Wheel of the whole Machine of Nature. But obſerve, when I attribute Attraction to Rarefaction, I do it not as to the ſole Cauſe thereof; another concurs; one denſe Body intercepts the Preſſure of the circumambient Ether from another on the Side next to ſuch Body; ſo mutually, that the Preſſure toward each other becomes prevalent: Thus a vaſt Cloud hovering over the Sea intercepts the Preſſure of the Air on the Ocean, by which the Water eaſed in this Part is forced up-

into

into the Cloud by the Preſſure of the Air beſide the Cloud.—If a Pitcher, covered only with a Paper, be full of Water and inverted, the Pitcher will intercept the Preſſure of the Column of Air over it, and the ſurrounding Air will preſs the Paper ſo cloſe as to confine the Water in the Pitcher.—Difference of Continent cauſes the Earth's greateſt Diſtance from the Sun during the Northern Summer: The Ether between the Earth and Sun being rendered more elaſtic, as being more heated by the greater Quantity of Northern Continent, and a denſer Atmoſphere Southward, reflecting more powerfully, repels the Preſſure with greater Energy, till the ſupporting Column is lengthened in ſuch Proportion that the Reflection is abated, and the Reſiſtance and Repulſion of the intermediate Ether is ſo diminiſhed, as to admit of the Earth's Re-approach to the Sun; and thus the different Velocities of the Earth's Motion may be accounted for: Since after any Station or Turn the Motion is continually accelerated by a Velocity acquired by the Motion itſelf, and by the Matter of the preponderating Hemiſphere ſtill augmenting, notwithſtanding its gradual Approximation to the Sun, till the Equinox, when it abates by Rarefaction. This greateſt Acceleration happens before the Northern Vernal Equinox, and after its Autumnal; becauſe the Earth, by its greater Reflection rendering the interjacent Ether more vigorous and repellent in the Northern Summer, is not ſo ſoon affected by the moving Force, which is the Compreſſion of the ſuperior circumambient Ether; but acquires thence an accelerated Velocity equal to that before the Northern Spring, though late and after the Autumnal Equinox of the North. Whereas at our Winter the intermediate

Ether being leſs elaſtic through a leſs reflected
to a ſmaller Proportion of Continent oppoſite
cauſe Reflection, yields more to ſuch exterior
and admits the Earth's greateſt Acceleration a
to the Sun before our Vernal Equinox; whe
to that Luminary, and the Northern condenſed
winding nearer to the Sun, by its powerful Re
the intermediate Ether, and ſoon forces it to
throw the Earth to a more reſpectable D
Deſcription of equal Areas in equal Times is t
the Cauſe, of the Earth's Motion; which is
fluence at different Diſtances—Thus every Pla
own Vortex by cauſing Rarefaction through
and the firſt Motion under God might be caus
Ridge, or a Continent, as America, near the Ri
by Reflection drawing in the Nocturnal Air fr
and cauſing the Earth like a Smoke Jack to
with it; while the whole Bulk of the Atmoſphe
greater Circuit, and being freighted with
foreign Matter, flows tardily, and thus ſeem
abſolute and poſitive Motion to the Weſt, wh
is only negative and relative. Thus perhaps it i
to reconcile Newton and Des Cartes; for each
not extend far beyond its Planet's Atmoſphe
not interfere with the diſtant Vortexes of other
may well enough move them in a Directio
others.

Having regulated a good Watch to ſurvey th
Venus, *June* 3, 1769, to ſuch as are not
Continuance of the Sun above the Horizon

fraction, especially when the Air is foul as it then was, it would appear too fast; for at Twelve Three-fourths after Eight, the Sun seemed to touch the Sea. This being then my Account of Time, on an Eminence commanding the whole Country Westward, Two Miles West of the Meridian of *Tenby*, exactly at Seven, to my Surprize, though aware that Computation of Time in this Longitude is near Twenty-two Minutes later than at London, Venus was half on the Sun; Twelve Minutes after, she had wholly introduced Herself on the upper or Eastern Edge of the Sun, about her own Diameter North of a Line drawn through the Sun's Centre perpendicular to the Horizon. Several Spots were on the Sun: Draw a Diametrical Line parallel to the Horizon; the largest Spot of an oblong Form was in that Line, and more than One Third, yet less than Two Fifths, from the North Edge; below this and near the N. West Edge was a very small Spot: near the diametrical Line normal to the Horizon were two Spots bearing from each other N. E. and S. W. distant from the upper Edge of the Sun Two Fifths of the Diameter, and from each other about the apparent Diameter of Venus; at a small Distance from the latter toward the S. E. was another: From these about One Fifth of the Sun's Diameter to the S. E. was another; at the same Distance in the same Direction near the Sun's Edge a faint one appeared; in all Seven. Venus made a Progress equal to her own Diameter in 24 Minutes, and tended toward the largest Spot, and to the North of the

Sun's Centre. At Twelve Three-fourths paſt Eight Venus had traverſed a Sixth of the Solar Diſk. When the Sun was half ſunk, Roch Caſtle appeared from the Old Windmill in St. *Florence* Pariſh, at Twenty-four Miles Diſtance, in the South Side of the Sun, like a Ruin in that Luminary: This I mention, that after ſeveral Years it may be obſerved by this means whether there be any Variation in the Earth's Orbit; for if it diminiſh as ſome aſſert, and yet the Earth deſcribe equal Areas in equal Times, the Sun may reach this Point ſooner annually, and ſome Years hence be nearer the N. Tropic on that Day of *June*, and North of the Ruins.

Ver. 934. The breaking up of the Fountains of the great Deep, *Gen.* vii. 11. when the Windows of Heaven were alſo opened, by which the Waters above the Firmament were let down, *Gen.* i. 7. and when Man was deſtroyed with the Earth, is the only aſſignable Cauſe of many Phænomena found in the Bowels of Mountains, by Miners and Naturaliſts. Thus happened the diſrupted Strata, often lying in Situations correſpondent to each other, only diſparted by ſome foreign Materials, as Gravel, &c. ſucked by the retreating Waters down into the Fiſſures. Sometimes one Part having ſubſided lower than the other Segment, obliges Miners to compare the various Strata lying above the Vein, to learn its Situation, whether, and how much, above or below their old Work; for, as the upper various Strata lie higher or lower than the ſame Strata on the former Part of the Vein, ſo does the Segment of the Vein they are in Queſt of. But if the ſame Strata be not met with, neither will the Object of their Search

Search be: but whether higher or lower, or in the ſame Courſe, the ſeveral Strata relate to each other in exact Order. Theſe Separations muſt have happened amidſt great Convulſions of Nature; and as they are found wherever Trials are made, they muſt have been at the general Uproar, the Commotions of which were extraordinary in our unequal Country; and thus, if *Britain* ever joined *France*, as is probable from the Correſpondence of the Strata of the Coaſts, remarkable conſidering the Diſtance; the Separation muſt have happened at the Deluge: For, ſince *Julius Cæſar's* Time, which is above Three-ſevenths of the Whole, the Ocean has made little Progreſs. Add the ſubterranean Skeletons of Animals, marine and terreſtrial; though ſome of the latter the oldeſt Accounts mention not among the Natives of this Iſle, and muſt have been extirpated at that grand Period. Add alſo petrified Shells in the midſt of ſound and large Rocks; for though it is objected, that Shell-fiſh might in their firſt State aſcend with Vapours, and paſs through the Chinks of the Earth in Rains, yet theſe would be found in their proper Poſture; for Earth and other Matter would accompany the Rain into the Crevices, and ſettle about the Shells, and ſhut them up; by which Means the bivalve Kind would be paired, and correſpond; and this would be in Fiſſures of the Stone, or other Matter: But even at my Place of Abode, Thirty Fathom above and Two Miles from the Sea, the Limeſtone affords aggregated Maſſes of Cockle Shells, diſparted, and lying ſome diſtinct, ſome oblique, and ſome perpendicular to one another in the ſolid Stones. It is probable

bable that a Comet, in its Progreſs to the Sun, may occaſion mighty Eruptions and Diſturbances, either by its Preſſure or Attraction; for elaſtic Ether flowing in between the Earth and Comet, through Rarefaction, may cauſe Compreſſion, and force the Earth to diſcharge Fire and Water: For though the Moon's Orbit is increaſed at the Solar Perigee, the great Argument for Attraction: yet the Earth then, through a leſs Proportion of Continent directly toward the Sun, leſs heats by Reflection the Ether interpoſed between the Sun and Earth; and, its elaſtic Exertion and Reſiſtance being therefore leſs, it thence admits the Earth to be impelled by the exterior Ether nearer to the Sun; and the new Moon is ſtill more ſo, as the impelling exterior Ether preſſes with an encreaſing Force, the nearer it approaches to the Sun; and the full Moon, as farther off than the Earth, is leſs impelled than the Earth toward the Sun: That is, the Earth is more impelled or preſſed then to the Sun, not more attracted to it, than the Moon: And on both theſe accounts the Lunar Orbit may be largeſt at the ſolar Perigee: So that this may not be ſo deciſive in Favour of Attraction, as commonly imagined. And it is as probable that ſuch an erratic Viſitor, in its Return from that World of Fire, may cauſe a contrary Effect, by an extreme Evaporation, and calcine our arid Ball to a Powder. That this grand Event will happen, we are aſſured of; but whether by ſolar Attraction, a Comet's Viſit, ſubterranean Fire, or an inflamed Atmoſphere, is not permitted us to foreſee. Were it not repugnant to Scripture, which natural Phænomena in the Earth confirm, we might find a

more

more probable Cauſe of a Deluge than ſome have done: A ſmall Abatement of the Centrifugal Force, would ſoon deluge the Lands beyond the Tropics; as ſmall an Increaſe thereof would overflow the Countries between the Tropics.

THE END.

more probable Guide of a [illegible] have done:
A small Abatement of the [illegible] would soon
change the Lands by [illegible] small an In-
crease thereof would [illegible] between the
Tropics.

THE END.